

## EXT. MOTEL-NIGHT

A tired neon sign flashes "MOTEL" disparagingly as though to make passersby question whether they should stop.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

The parking lot sparsely populated with a few beat up pick-ups and a couple of heavy steel "American" numbers.

The motel is a low slung L-shaped building. Bright red doors can be seen peaking from the light shed by the sign.

All of the room lights are off, save one. Its sickly orange glow forces its way into the night. \*

MAN'S VOICE (OS)

Do you love me?

WOMAN'S VOICE (OS)

You know I do baby.

MAN'S VOICE (OS)

Then why haven't you left him?

CUT TO:

## INT. MOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

ANGLE ON a small B/W TV whose abused rabbit ears barely hold on to the image of an evangelist hell bent on saving the world. The volume is turned down so his message goes unheard.

MAN'S VOICE (OS)

You said you'd made up your mind.

ANGLE ON a woman's hand rubbing her distended belly as though calling forth a genie. In her other hand is a half smoked cigarette. She moves it to her mouth. \*

LOGAN PETTY (23) is REVEALED. She has a startling burst of short cropped blonde hair currently out of sorts. The only clothing we can see is a tight white tube top no longer able to control her full breasts and still erect nipples. \*

She stops rubbing her belly and looks up at,

## LOGAN'S POV-MOTEL ROOM

JOSHUA FELLIS (29) stands across the room, leaning against the dresser/mirror combo, in his boxer shorts smoking. His body is thin and wiry but well acquainted with a hard days work.

He takes a drag off his cigarette.

JOSHUA FELLS  
You know you don't love him.

BACK TO SCENE

LOGAN PETTY  
That's not the point and you know it.

JOSHUA FELLS  
WHAT IS the point?

LOGAN PETTY  
I have to think about the child.

JOSHUA FELLS  
(getting angry)  
I see (pause) I'm good enough to work the  
fields but not own the farm.

LOGAN PETTY  
What's that supposed to mean?

LOGAN'S POV

JOSHUA FELLS  
Forget it. I gotta' pee.

Logan watches Josh move to the bathroom and shut the door.

SOUND: The toilet seat CLANKS against the tank.

\*

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM-BATHROOM-CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON the toilet as a cigarette butt hits the water,  
hissing in defiance.

\*

A stream of urine slams into the butt trying to sink it.

ANGLE ON Josh as he concentrates on sinking the butt.

JOSHUA FELLS  
(under his breath)  
Sink you little fucker.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM-CONTINUOUS

Logan is still on the bed, the covers pulled over most of her  
lower body.

She is looking toward the bathroom door listening to Josh's activity inside. Her cigarette has burned down unattended.

Her hand rests on her belly.

She begins to relax and drift off.

The silence is broken by a terse male VOICE we have not heard before.

VOICE (OS)  
(almost a whisper)  
What's the matter mum, second thoughts.

Logan startles releasing a small quick scream. The cigarette drops from her hand onto the bed. She moves quickly out of bed, knocking the butt and ash away before it can catch.

She looks around unsettled.

LOGAN PETTY  
Did you say something Josh?

SOUND: The toilet flushes and then the sound of the sink running. \*

VOICE (OS)  
(still a whisper)  
You better calm down mum. Blood pressure's rising.

LOGAN PETTY  
(looking about scared)  
Who's there?

LOGAN'S POV

The room is empty.

BACK TO SCENE

The sink turns off in the bathroom.

JOSHUA FELL (OS)  
(from the bathroom)  
What's that honey?

Josh comes out of the bathroom and stops. He stares at Logan who is standing half naked shaking. Her eyes are wide.

A look of worry washes over Josh's face.

JOSHUA FELLs (cont'd)  
What's wrong?

He moves cautiously toward her, wiping his hands on a small white towel.

VOICE (OS)  
(whisper)  
He's gonna' strangle you with the towel.  
Just look at him.

LOGAN'S POV

Josh, looking menacing, is wrapping the towel around his hands into a garotte. He mouths the word "Cock Tease" in unison with the voice. \*

VOICE (OS)  
(drawn out)  
Cock tease.

BACK TO SCENE

Logan, confused, begins to back toward the wall.

Josh continues to move toward Logan unsure what is going on. There is no menace in his posture. \*

VOICE (OS)  
(whispering)  
You think he enjoys sloppin' around where the OLD MAN has been.

Logan begins to rub the heels of her hands on the sides of her head.

She's still moving back as Josh moves forward. She trips on the tangle of bed sheets on the floor and goes falling SLAMMING her head against the bedside table.

Josh moves quickly now to get to her.

She's resting against the floor. A thick bead of black blood begins to ooze from her head.

JOSHUA FELLs  
Oh my God, are you OK?

VOICE (OS)  
(commandingly)  
GET UP, it's only a scratch. He's come to finish the job.

# In Utero

by  
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## LOGAN'S POV

Josh looms ominously before her. He bends down, wrapping the towel tight about his hands.

## BACK TO SCENE

Josh leans down, true concern on his face as he extends the towel to attempt to stop Logan's bleeding.

VOICE (OS)

Survival of the fittest mum. Hit him with the phone.

Josh is busy trying to calm her down and care for her. He doesn't see her hand groping for the phone.

As Josh dabs at the blood with the towel, Logan grabs the phone and swings it SLAMMING it into Josh's head.

LOGAN PETTY

SHUT UP.

Josh goes down quick, hitting the carpet with a THUD.

Logan, breathing heavy, stands, scooting herself up the wall.

Josh begins to stir.

Josh tries to rise. His voice is weak and he sounds confused.

JOSHUA FELLIS

What...what did...you do that for?

VOICE (OS)

TIME TO FINISH IT.

Logan stands shaking, the phone still in her hand. She begins to cry.

LOGAN PETTY

Oh my God.

She looks down at the phone. She can't believe what she just did.

She begins to reach out for Josh. Suddenly he grabs her leg.

## LOGAN'S POV

Josh grabs her leg and stares up at her his eyes filled with hate. He HISSES.

BACK TO SCENE

Logan screams and stands back up.

Josh is weak, the antithesis of what she sees.

VOICE (OS)  
(whispering again)  
You think he loves you. He'd have thrown  
you away as soon as you were too big to  
ride.

Logan is now hysterical.

LOGAN PETTY  
LEAVE ME ALONE.

She is now struggling to release herself from Josh's grip.  
He's on his knees his other hand on his face which is  
bleeding profusely.

VOICE (OS)  
What's begun begun. FINISH WHAT YOU  
START.

Josh reaches for Logan's other leg with his bloody hand.

JOSHUA FELLIS  
(Very weak)  
Hel...help me.

He grabs Logan's other leg. She screams. Her knee jerk  
reaction is to bring the phone down on Josh's head.

VOICE (OS)  
(happy)  
That's the way we do it. HIT HIM AGAIN.

\*

She brings the phone down again. He lets go and hits the  
floor, still, but Logan keeps hitting him.

VOICE (OS) (CONT'D)  
Repetition's the key.

LOGAN PETTY  
SHUT UP. (she swings) SHUT UP. (She  
swings) SHUT UP. (she swings)

Finally Logan stops. She looks at the phone and then down.  
She is shaking uncontrollably. She drops the phone and backs  
into the corner near the window and slides down.

She looks around waiting for the voice to return. It doesn't.

Curled into a ball she begins to cry fiercely.

CUT TO:

INT.MOTEL ROOM-NIGHT-LATER

Blue and red lights cut through the window. The Hotel room is crawling with police.

One is snapping photos.

SNAP: Josh's prostrate body.

SNAP: Josh's bashed in head.

SNAP: The bloody phone.

ANGLE ON the flash. SNAP.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL-NIGHT

The flash illuminates the door as an OFFICER in a hat and well pressed uniform exits the room. He heads for a Limousine parked in the lot.

EXT. LIMOUSINE-CONTINUOUS

Arriving at the limousine he stares at his reflection in the mirrored window until it begins to slowly roll down.

He bends down with the window.

OFFICER'S POV-LIMOUSINE

Logan is sitting next to the door. she looks up at the officer. She is still a bit shaken.

BACK TO SCENE

The officer turns his attention to beyond her.

OFFICER

It looks like self defence to me.

OLD MALE VOICE (OS)

Very good.